

No. LIII.

A CRETAN JOURNEY.

My plan of travel on leaving Khania, was to visit

The plain of Apokorons presented a pleasant picture of fertility and cultivation. Wheat-fields, divided by stone fences, and dotted with clumps of olive-trees, stretched as far as the eye could reach. In half an hour we reached some of the ruins of Apatra. Hewn blocks, among them fragments of small Doric pillars, were scattered over the soil, and along the highest part of the hill ran a low wall of square stones. A little farther was the monastery, a massive square stone building, standing in the midst of some ruins of the Roman time. The place is a *metokhi*, or branch, of the Monastery of St. John, on Patmos. It is occupied only by one priest, a married man, who rents from the Government a large tract of the land lying round about it, for 12,000 *paruts* (\$500) a year. He received us in the court, ushered us into a small, jesty room, and in due time we procured a meal of eggs fried in oil, fresh cheese-curd and coarse but good bread. Notwithstanding Lent had commenced, the priest was willing to furnish heretics with the means to break it for a considerable

was covered with various small green plants growing under the holes in the roof, to intercept the droppings. In the morning the woman came up to me, suddenly fell upon her knees, kissed my muddy boots, and then arose and kissed my hand, before I fairly noticed what she was about. I gave little Levter, who sat in the chimney-corner, a piece of money, whereupon he did the same thing, and his mother said: "May God permit you to enjoy your sovereignty many years!"

This morning when we arose it was still raining, slowly, steadily, dismally. It was evident that we must renounce all hope of visiting Shikha for such weather the single road into that region was already impassable. We therefore discharged Captain Nikephore, who had been detailed for this special service, parting with the splendid fellow with genuine regret. Hadji Bey, also, was disinclined to set out. It was quite natural that he should wish to make things as easy as possible; he was traveling for our pleasure, not his own. However, I determined to get into good quarters at Rhythymas to-day and as soon as the rain laid up a little

MAZZINI AND NAPOLEON.

"The fulling of time approaches; the Imperial tide is visibly rolling back. You too feel it. All the measures you have been enacting, since the 14th of January, in France—all the diplomatic notes and requests you have been, since the 16th day, sending off to the Emperor—instead, are bespeaking the resistance or terror. There is a Maabeth feeling of intense agony pressing upon your soul, and betraying itself through all that you say or do. There is at work within a presentiment that what the Thane of Glamis, Thane of Caithness, and King—the Pretender, President and Usurper—are doomed. The spell is broken. The conscience of mankind is aroused; it rages sternly against you! It confronts you; it silts your eyes; it seizes you by the forehead; it tells you, in a moment, your fate is sealed. You may now live months; yours you cannot.

In having thus announced the doom of the second Empire, Mazzini contracts the present economical state of France with Napoleon's glowing promises of general prosperity:

"You promised, when you unlawfully usurped power, and as an attendant fee of right, that you would give me peace, tranquillity, repose, and I am troubled, perturbing France appears to me increasing, raging, transporting, and

THE FRENCH EXILES AND LOUIS NA-
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THE ATTEMPT OF ORSINI AND ITS PROVOCATION—LETTER TO THE PARLIAMENT AND THE PRESS.

Two revolutions in your country—one of which made
forget the Crown, the other the life of a King—have
given you the right to speak freely upon and imposed
on you the duty to listen to anything that may be said
upon any question in general, and upon the *attentat* in
particular.

Upon that of the 14th of January, its causes, its
consequences, the means of preventing and punishing
its recurrence, &c., you have mercilessly exercised
your right: will you fulfill your duty? You have spoken,
now listen, if you please.

We, French refugees, have to address our thanks to
some of you, our observations to the others.

For us, the *attentat* is merely the *lex infamans* applied
to the man of the *coup d'état*. The usurper of De-
cember and of June—the author of the Bonie crime
committed at Paris and at Rome—cannot justly com-
plain of reprisals. Having dared everything, the
guilty has everything to fear—private as well as public
justice. The assassination of the people, and the theft
of their sovereignty—such is the *attentat*, in Italy as in
France—the most serious that could be committed and
punished. The usurper has placed himself out of the
pale of the law, according to natural law, or at least,
the written law, according to the Constitution he has
sworn to and violated according to the decree of the
Supreme Court which condemned him, and as a pe-

[illegible]

Do not our children call Gessler a murderer? Are they not taught to glorify in hero who punishes the guilty? Is it not the duty of every citizen to defend the Bible itself—has it not history the name of Judith? It is the same case. History or legend, books holy or profane, ancient or modern, it is the *consensus omnium*; every weapon is lawful against the oppressor. The Roman Emperor Diocletian was justified for taking the right of death against a private invasion of her house, and yet she had the public police to do her justice. Where is the European police against the invasion of Italy? Let us be just to the Emperor, and let the Emperor obtain it from his ally, and the Roman Empire no longer. Until then, laws are useless. Priests or guillotine, they will attack those who attack them, combat those who combat them, kill those who kill them. Between them and Bonaparte there is truly no middle ground. It is not even the right of revolution, but common right. The Emperor and they defend themselves. Bonaparte is not Emperor of the Italians; he is not even King of Rome, this one. The Romans are not his subjects; they have not given him their crown, willingly or unwillingly, they have only given him their sword. He has not the right of killing them physically or morally. It is their enemy; he is at war, open war, with them. It is he who has wrested from them a government far more truly founded upon universal suffrage than his own. He has not restored it by force. Paul J.N., excluded from the Assembly, has said, "I am a man who imposes on them pope, cardinals, priests, inquisitors, all the scourges of Italy and humanity—this black pestilence from which England purged herself from the wolves." Much more; it is he himself who has taken away the right of the *coup de main*, of the attack by surprise, by transaction, by revolution, without declaring war, with words of peace and promises of help, landing as a friend, drawing on as an ally, and striking like Judas, thus violating the Constitution and decrees, which forbade his making war without the consent of the Assembly, and against the liberty of Rome.